

clouds, encircling the mountain. Not a sign of sea or land was visible in any direction, and we felt very much alone.

The sticks of wood which we had brought up the night before had furnished a good fire, whereas our tea was boiled—such tea! Boiling, as the water did, at a temperature of about 185 deg. Fahr., it failed to extract the divine nectar, and only hinted by its warmth and sweetness—we had plenty of sugar—at the cup that cheers. The Sabbath morning that was now dawning so cheerfully found us shivering over a rousing blaze under the lee of our tent, from whose trailing folds issued strange sounds and stranger looking blazes. The Captain, who had been exploring the depths of a huge crack that was along the crater edge, here returned with a cake of pure, beautiful ice that he had found deep down in the rent. Starting off with a five-gallon container we clambered down and quickly filled it. We had been assured that there was plenty of water on the summit, and it was very pleasant to prove the correctness of the information. After our breakfast we took one last look at the active crater. No amount of daylight could wholly dim the brightness of the fiery column that still sent up its volumes of molten lava. The isolated fires burning on the right hand edge of the lower basin were black and dead apparently; the surface of the lake flowing out from the cone no longer glowed with a bright tracery of lines, but this was due to daylight, not to any diminution of the pillar of fire. Examining the lower basin again, we noticed that it extended rather more to the right than is shown in the sketch, and its western margin was close under the boiling cliffs that rose above it.

Packing up our blankets and other traps did not take us long, and while this was being done a scroll was prepared, setting forth that on the 7th of September, 1872, the following party reached the summit and camped at that spot, retiring from the scene again early on the morning of the 8th: Mrs. J. H. Black, the first woman known to have accomplished the ascent; J. H. Black, H. M. Whitney, Henry Macfarlane, Chas. N. Spencer, Robert Rycroft, Captain David Smith, John T. Chayter, John McColgan, John Reaney, Geo. H. Adams, Arthur W. Claffin, F. L. Clarke, with the guide, Henry Grandall, and three Hawaiians. We left directions where to find water, and encasing the whole in a tin, which we plugged tightly, the affair was suspended from a pole driven deep into a crevice, and left for the edification of future tourists. The party who had preceded us by a few days, consisting of Messrs. Wm. F. Conway of Hilo, H. N. Palmer of Manila, G. M. Curtis of New York, and H. Diamond, Jr., of Ohio, had enclosed their record in a bottle and left it in a crevice near at hand.

A short walk took us back to where we had left the horses, and we found them all right, but very impatient to be gone out of that. They had eat the bundles of grass we had brought for them, and only seemed to suffer from the cold. Taking up the line of march at 7 o'clock, we wound over the trail of the previous day. Not far from where we had finally dismounted and left the horses was a remarkable upheaval of lava that we christened

Helan Rock.

It was situated about a mile from the crater and on the right of the trail as we went up. The lava had formed a square pile of blocks, heaped up with all the regularity of masonry work. The sides, about twelve feet each way, were squared nicely, and rose about eight feet above the foundation. The top was quite smooth, and at a little distance the whole resembled a gigantic altar. As near as we could judge, it stood as high as any other point on the summit level, and near at hand was a monumental pile upheaved by volcanic action that resembled the piles the natives raise on any sacred spot. We looked in vain for any traces of the camp laid out on the summit by Commodore Wilkes, and as we could see over a broad expanse, we are of the opinion that he must have camped on the opposite or northwest side of the crater.

The road back to the camp at the edge of the woods was taken over the same route that we pursued going up, but little can be said about it save that it was very tiresome. The experiment was tried of walking down, and at the end of three hours was given up in consequence of the chafing of the toes by the constant forward pressure of the foot in the boot. The shortness of breath that troubled us going up did not make itself apparent on the way down, and in five hours from the start we were again at the edge of the woods. Halting long enough to have a hasty lunch, we allowed our animals to hurry on to the water hole a mile below, where they soon satisfied their thirst.

DEATH OF "MOTHER" YATES.

Kamaaina of South Kona Quietly Passes Away.
(Communicated.)

Mrs. Mary Yates, an old kamaaina of South Kona, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Ackerman, at 10:20 p. m., Friday, April 24, 1896, after a short illness.

Mrs. Yates was born in Carrick Muskross, Ireland. She married John Yates and in 1850 they moved to California. In 1855 they decided to cast their lot with the Hawaiians.

Finding the climate of the Kona agreeable, they made their home here. Having, therefore, been here for over forty years, everybody knew and loved her, and when anyone was in trouble Mother Yates could always give help or some comforting thoughts.

Hers has been a life of great usefulness and cheerfulness, as all who have known her can testify. She was ever mindful of the comfort of others, often-times sacrificing herself for the sake of administering to the wants of others. Self with her seemed to have been in the background. She was happy and contented when those around her were happy and contented. Her influence over those who knew her well can not be estimated; it has done so much toward uplifting those with whom she came in contact. Her children—yes, her

children's children—have risen up and have called her "blessed," for she was a good mother and a loving grandmother. Her memory will be tenderly and lovingly preserved by all her loved ones.

Besides many friends, she leaves to mourn her loss three daughters, Mrs. Wassman, Mrs. Ackerman and Mrs. Searle, one son, W. J. Yates, and twenty-five grandchildren. Only three of the grandchildren were with her when she quietly breathed her last. She will be sadly missed by all, and more especially so by her grandchildren, who were always sure of a good time at grandma's, no matter when or how they came.

The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, the Rev. S. H. Davis officiating. She was buried by the side of her husband in the Christ Church burial ground at South Kona.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—

To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hopes of our souls shall have no blight.

And our love no broken ties;

We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace.

And bathe in its blissful tide;

And one of the joys of our Heaven will be

The loving Mother that died.

How to Treat a Wife.

(From the Pacific Health Journal.)

First, get a wife; second, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business, but do not therefore carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have trials, which, though of less magnitude, may be hard for her to bear. A kind word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. To this we would add, always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. It is the best, and is sure to be needed sooner or later. Your wife will then know that you really care for her and wish to protect her health. For sale by all druggists and dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaiian Islands.

Mokuaweoweo.

Julian Monsarrat, manager of Kapapala ranch, outfitting point for parties to Mokuaweoweo crater, now active, is prepared to furnish first-class horses, mules and guides from the ranch to the summit. Passengers per S. S. Hall will find this route the easiest of access and most direct.

A CASE OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION RESULTING FROM INDIGESTION.

They say that misery loves company, and they have had it so often it has passed into a proverb. Yet it isn't an all-round truth. Some kinds of misery do company, they want to be left alone. They hate to be bothered and questioned and talked to. A wounded dog will always crawl into some retired place by itself. The instinct of badly injured men, after a battle is the same. Aliments that are soverly fatty tend to set tongues wagging. But real, genuine and dangerous diseases don't invite to speech. Crises which are big with fate usually come and go in quiet.

That is why Mrs. Scuffham had no desire for the society of even her best friends at a certain time she is going to tell us about. "Up to April, 1881," she writes, "I never knew what it was to be ill. At that time I began to feel that something was amiss with me. I had no relish for my meals, and, after eating, my chest felt heavy and painful, and my heart would beat and thump as though it meant to leap out of its place. Presently I became so swollen round the waist that I was obliged to unloose my clothing, as I could not bear anything to touch that part of my body."

Even the slightest food gave me pain; a little tea setting my heart to beating at a great rate. My feet were cold, and cold, clammy sweats would break out all over me, leaving me exhausted and worn out. At night I go to sleep to speak of and in the morning I feel worse than when I went to bed. I also suffered a great deal from my feet being pulled up and sore. I could see only get about the house. When I went shopping I had to ride to the town and back, as I could only walk a few yards.

"As time went on I lost my flesh and strength more and more, and gave up hope of ever recovering the precious health I had so sadly lost. I took much medicine, and consulted a clever doctor at Liverpool, who examined me and said my heart was weak, he also gave me medicine, but I got only temporary ease from them, and in a short time was as bad as before. All this time I was so nervous and depressed that I had no desire for company. On the contrary, I seemed to want to be alone with my misery. Even a knock at the door frightened me, as though I expected bad news, yet I did not really. My nerves and faculties ran away with my knowledge and judgment. Thousands of women who have suffered in this way will understand what I mean."

"Year after year I remained in this condition, and what I went through I cannot put in words, nor do I wish to try. It will answer the purpose to say that I existed thus for eleven and a half years, as much dead as alive. I spent pounds and pounds in physic, but was not a whit the better for any of it."

"In October, 1892, a book was left at our house, and I read in it of cases like mine being cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Bartlett, the chemist, in Normanston Street, Derby, and when I had taken this medicine for a few days my appetite was better and I had less pain. I kept on taking it, and soon my food agreed with me and I gained strength. "After this I never looked behind me, but steadily got stronger and stronger. When I had taken three bottles I was quite like a new woman. All the nervousness has left me, and my heart was sound as a bell. Since then I have enjoyed good health, and all who know me say my recovery is remarkable. I am confident that Mother Seigel's Syrup was the means, in the hands of Providence, of saving my life; and out of gratitude, and in hope of doing good, I freely consent to the publication of this statement. (Signed) (Mrs.) ANN SCUFFHAM, Cooper's Lane, Lambeth, Greenwich, May 1st, 1895."

This letter is endorsed by Mr. William J. Todd, of the same town, who testifies for the truth of what Mrs. Scuffham has said, as he personally knew of the circumstances of her illness at the time they occurred. No comment can add a jot to the force of this open, candid and sincere communication. Whosoever reads it must needs be moved and convinced by it. The disease which filled this woman's life with pain and misery for nearly twelve years was indigestion or dyspepsia, an ailment easily and cunningly as a snake in the grass—and as dangerous. Send for the book of which Mrs. Scuffham speaks, and read the symptoms in order that you may know what it is, how to deal with it. The book costs you nothing, yet it would be worth buying as if every leaf were hammered gold.



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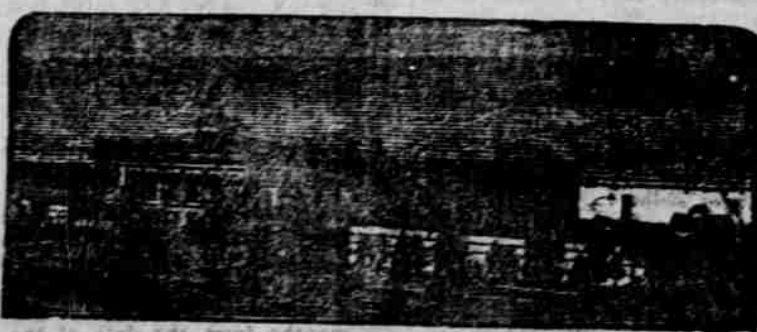
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